6/30/72

Dear Joe,

The twins left today on a bus to Great Barrington, & I am packing and cleaning to get Andrew and me to Md, where he is to stay with Billy Butler, nephew and cousin, while I go to Tilghman for a week. After that, schedules get confused. Things, i.e. physical objects, are rebelling agst me these few days, including now this typewriter.

I got your letter mentioning Carla/Clara Green/Field, and that afternoon, when the girls picked a name as they do at random from the phonebook for a character in their story which bids fair to rival D. Richardson's Pilgrimage for sheer bulk the name they came up with, first try no cheating, was Greenfield. If not hands across the sea, then at least green thumbs in the phonebook.

One could achieve a different illumination about twins from Leibniz in a beautiful letter, the one in which the focus of an ellipse, at infinity, becomes a parabola (did I state that correctly?), where he writes,

> ...equality can be considered as an infinitely small inequality, and inequality can be made to approach equality as closely as we wish. (I.p.540 ed. Loemker)

Behind my car, visible in the rear-view mirror, I read Brooklyn Polytechnic on the shirt of the motorcyclist, in reverse.

Shareen has just told me a story about curious directions in Boston, a broad A, and finally realizing that it was Oh Charter Street.

Sure you can use the Morley burglary story: what can a thief steal but confidence.

Toby lost or had stolen Joan's letter of instructions on phonecalls....

Re the "Button Museum": if I were smart or clever I could write the phenomenology of switches (not tender buttons) as light switches, off-on in spaceship, etc., and confidence, and don't tell me I can because I have tried and the best I can do is to point and say Umm ~~important~~ important, I can't define anything anymore.

I trust that you're computing Scotland as I write this. I'm next at Tilghman, Maryland, USA, 21761.

My love to all,

Bill